And bene of rauenous Wolues yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

Hobbinoll.

Fye on thee Diggon, and all thy foule leasing,
Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king,
Neuer was Woolfe seene many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chrisendome:
But the fewer Woolues (the soth to sayne,)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise,
They walke not widely as they were wont
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuely prolling two and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hobbinol.

Or priue or pert yf any bene,
We han great Bandogs will teare their skinne.

Diggon.

Indeede thy ball is a bold bigge curre,
And could make a iolly hole in thyor furre.
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedy shepheards to discerne their face.
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
The bene so graue and full of mayntenaunce.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to Roffynn not long ygoe?

Hobbinol.

Say it out Diggon, what euer it hight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
Colin clout I wene be his selfe boye,
(Ah for Colin he whilome my ioye)
Shepheards sich, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefully they or flocks tend.

Diggon

Diggon.

Thilk same shepheard mought I
He has a Dogge to byte or to bar
Neuer had shepheard so kene a ku
That waketh, and if but a leafe stu
Whilome there wonned a wicked
That with many a Lambe had glu
And euer at night wont to repay
Unto the flocke, when the Welkin
Ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe
When the good old man vsed to sle
Tho at midnight he would barke a
(For he had eft learned a curres
As if a Woolfe were emong the
With that the shepheard would by
And send out Lowder (for so his d
To raunge the fields with wide op
Tho when as Lowder was farre a
This Woluish sheepe would catch
A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanel
With that to the wood would he s
Long time he vsed this slippery p
Ere Roffy could for his laboure h
At end the shepheard his practise
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus
And when at euen he came to the
Fast in theyr folds he did them lo
And tooke out the Woolfe in his
And let out the sheepes bloud at h

Diggon.

Marry Diggon, what should him
To take his owne where euer it la
For had his weland bene a little w
He would haue deuoured both hid

Diggon.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods
Too good for him had bene a grea